

We packed our few belongings and we moved across the ocean
To start a new life in this land so bold and vast
Dispersed from Ellis Island, my distant Irish kin
Eyes cut to the future, heart's tied to the past

We held tight to our loved ones and we held on to the promise
and we scraped our meager living hand to mouth
We prayed to what would have us, every doubting John Thomas
spreading through the Appalachia ever south
Spread through Appalachia ever south

And I hear we weren't welcomed here, at least not in those days
No one needs our drunken, fighting, thieving kind
But we settled in this new place and we worked it in our ways
and spread our kin upon it in due time
Spread our kin upon it in due time

And we fought our losing battles and we held onto our ways
and we talk of how we left behind our better days
Some were living lives of leisure, some surviving hand to mouth
Bash our heads against the future, ever south
Bash our heads against the future ever south

When I set my sights upon you, we were both still in our prime
We were moving in big circles that I sought out to combine
And I held you in my arms and swore eternal love this time
Tried to lasso brighter futures and let it drag us both behind
Lasso brighter futures, let it drag us both behind

So we aimed our sights westward like so many did before
Expanding our horizons to some distant shore
Where everyone takes notice of the drawl that leaves our mouth
So that no matter where we are we're ever south
No matter where we are we're ever south

Now my Christian Southern brethren will tell you all what for
to keep your heathen ways up in you and your shoes outside the door
take your stand for noble causes till you just can't stand no more
and surrender to some savior, Praise the Lord,
Surrender to some savior, Praise the Lord

But despite our best intentions, it pains me to report
we keep swinging for the fences, coming up a little short
We sure can get it wrong for someone so devout
I hear you whistling past the graveyard looking down
Whistling past the graveyard looking down

Ever Southern in my carriage, ever southern in my stance
in the Irish of my complexion and the Scottish in my dance
in the way I bang my head against my daily circumstance

Let this blue eyed southern devil take you out upon the prowl
with decadence and charm we'll take it into town
tell you stories of our fathers and the glories of our house
Always told a little slower, ever south